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Outkast "Snappin' & Trappin'"

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Our shit don't mix like llao and lukewarm water Better make it hotter splash ice and watch it rock up I oughta duct tape your infant daughter Show y'all soldier ass niggaz, I'm Murder City's Sergeant Slaughter

Guaranteed to get more cut than a barber I betcha I'll drill your heifer like Black & Decker This pussy wrecker and white water couldn't get it wetter

I'm guaranteed to leave her swiss cheese for more cheddar

I give a fuck, suede bucks and Coogi sweaters What's up? Whatever sable fur to lamb leather I've seen it all in the trap with fitted caps for cold weather

And creased denim threats delivered when I send 'em

Nigga know I, FedEx my shit, overnight express my shit Deliver my hits quick, who next on my shit list Banana niggaz need to split Quit fucking with this, thorough Atlanta click

This here is Slum Lordz we make your terrific shit tragic My pen and pixel make violence more graphic Take raw coke, cook it crack and saran wrap it One muthafuckin' verse and already it's a classic One muthafuckin' verse and already it's a classic Killer Mike nigga!

Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to The game is over K.B. Baby won't you just quit the contemplating

'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth

Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to The game is over K.B.

Baby won't you just quit the contemplating 'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth

My Cadillac got that boom, boom in it, listen to it drop

Like cereal in your breakfast bowl just jumpin' off the top

A nigga don't stop for squares or octagons prepare I'm not the one you scared, the Piccolo Pimp done set up shop

Nigga you pop lock, for pop rocks, but I'm only poppin' tweeters

And woofers and pussies be blowing purple wit' my feet up

I'mma eat up anybody who tests this, I'm blessed wit' Super human powers, poke your chest in

The next of kin gon' be the first one like some Mexicans to buck

Nigga you stuck like a truck in red dirt, you's in church And I'm the deacon speakin' while ya tweakin' The preacher preachin', reachin', teachin', speakin', being, breathin'

You're not, your clock stop, and now you're laying in a pretty box

And now pastor is only talking 'bout the pretty parts of your life

Your brother fuckin' your damn wife

You look for the pearly white gates, but you realize your fate

It's too late, you hate, you hate It's too late, 'cause you hate Punk pussy ass bitch, game over, who want some?

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Roll my blunts thick, like I like my bitch Lick my blunts and spit, like she do my dick Attempted murder dick, for ways I choke chicks Spit it in her eye make it hard to focus

Killer Mike gonna calm down, things gonna get a little crazy

Ol' girl might yell rape G, you might as well give her a throat baby

Goop goobler, goop gravy, no dicking her down to the ground

Now you doing the Dirty South, know what I'm talkin' about

Big Boi, my mentor, hear what you hollering about But fuck that, I'm looking for love all in her mouth Need her to gobble up jism, like school lunches Need her to take cat beatings and throw punches

Like a swarm of locusts, no hocus-pocus You wanna approach us, buzzards and vultures We two of the dopest mic controllers Stack big bank, honey folders

Even wit' rollers, I'm trying to told ya Even loving, lavish, ladies, leaving, landmarks Of lemon-lime, lip gloss on your lavender lapels Leaping lizards, keep me slizzard, my mind's expanding

Readily rappin' and snappin', snappin' and trappin' That's just what's happening

Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to The game is over K.B.

Baby won't you just quit the contemplating 'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth

Don't you be looking at me crazy like ya want to The game is over K.B. Baby won't you just guit the contemplating

'Cause I'll box you in your muthafuckin' mouth

A whey you want come dis When you know you nuh fit You better move you bombo Before me start trip

Nuff a them a talk OutKast Nuff a them a trip Nuff a them come in like a bitch Whey wear slip

A J-Sweet me name an' me already Chris A OutKast me spar wid so boy nuh try dis If you dis boy shot knaw go miss Gun shot a go teck you just like fits

Boy hear me song an' thought a remix Brand new tune platinum hits We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch OutKast, J-Sweet

[Incomprehensible] We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch
OutKast, J-Sweet, Killer Mike
[Incomprehensible] We nah gon' run and switch like no bitch

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